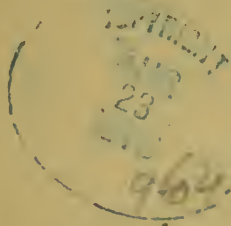


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HILL'S BRIGADE.



— BY —

REV. LEANDER S. COAN.

CAMPAIGN EDITION,

AS CIRCULATED BY THE N. H. STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

CONCORD:

PRINTED BY THE REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

1876.

1891-1892

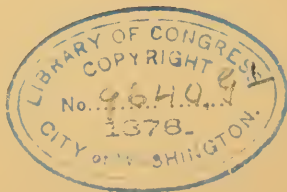
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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1876,
BY LEANDER S. COAN,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

PREFACE.

The popular favor with which Hill's Brigade was received, and the extensive circulation which it at once secured, not to mention the changes which kind editors have gratuitously volunteered, have induced the author to put it, with a subsequent companion-piece, in the present form.

L. S. C.

HILL'S BRIGADE.

“ Comrade, I’ve been mad, to-day,
Nigh mad enough to swear,
Thinkin’ about the war, an’ the South,
An’ all that we suffered there
Those four long years, the dead we left,
An’ those who came home to die,
Uv what we fought an’ hoped for—
Mad, with good reason why!

“ I can’t forgit they were rebils,—
That this was their *General Hill*!
We have heard their yells afore;
It seems I can hear ’em still.
To think uv that yell in congriss!
Wal, let us ‘move back the hands:’
He! boastin’ uv ‘father’s house,’ while
No thanks to him it stands!

“ Yes, lifted his hand agin’ it,
An’ sot it well on fire!
An’ knocked out the underpinnin’,
Or, at least, ’twas his desire:
An’ when ‘father’ caught an’ cuffed him,
Lettin’ up with half enough,—
To come back so crank an’ sassy
Is a usin’ the old man rough.

“Then ther’s that ‘Wilkes Booth Hambleton!’

Doughfaces a crawlin’ back
 To obey their old-time masters,
 An’ hear the slave-whip crack!
 Centennial! Wal, I’m for it,
 An’ peace, an’ good-will, an’ such;
 But it seems they’re askin’ uv us
 Jest a leetle too much.

“Ther’s Gettysburg an’ Antietam,

The horrid Wilderness, too;
 Fort Pillow, Macon, an’ Andersonville,
 With Wirtz an’ his wicked crew.
 An’ we’ve got to knuckle at last!
 To swoller our shame an’ chagrin;
 To confess we were wrong, an’ are sorry;
 That loyalty was a sin!

“Ef, comin’ back, they’d been decent,

Hadn’t sneered over Lincoln’s grave,
 Had left off braggin’ uv treason
 An’ the ‘cause’ they couldn’t save,—
 I’d ’ave swollered all resentment
 In spite uv this wooden leg;
 An’ ez fur goin’ agin’ em’,
 I wouldn’t have moved a peg.

“I was ready to bury the hatchet,

To forgive an’ try to forget:
 But beggin’ Jeff Davis’s pardon
 Is rather the wust thing yet!
 The centennial splurge of ‘oblivion’
 Was good, so fur ez it went;—
 To bottle well up our anger,
 But to give to their venom vent!”

The Corporal's Northern blood was up:

As he muttered, and hobbled away,
From the look and tone he carried,

I reckon it wasn't to pray.

At every step his wooden stump

Came down with a vicious vim;

And it is my calm opinion

They get no help from him.

He sees an insolent menace

In the venom of Hill's tirade,

The germ of another secession,

The stuff of which rebels are made.

But you can depend upon it,

Whether with ballot or blade,

Enough, upon call, will rally

To wipe out Hill's Brigade.

March, 1876.



RE-FORM AT HAMBURG.

“ Reform—without masks—at Hamburg!

On a white-line campaign plan!

An’ ‘Sun-set’ in congriss excuses

Ez quick ez ever he can:

Jest like my dog Bose ther,

Who runs *afore* I say ‘sic!’

‘Good fellow!’ Northern doughface,

The blood from their hands to lick.

“ An’ that rebil rag in Missouri,

Floatin’ over a court-house ther!

With jedge, ‘n’ lawyers, ‘n’ jury,

A yellin’ ‘Reform’ in the air!

Reform! Yes, the old line is *re-formin’*

Wherever they safely can,

To shoot down the colored voters,—

Centennial campaign plan!

“ Then ther’s that rag-baby to swoller,

An’ lock-step with Morrisey—John,

An’ along with old Tammerny holler

‘Hoo-ray for Reform;’ an’ move on

The enemy’s works,—which is niggers,—

An’ down with their friends, to a man!

Is w’ot *seems*, at present, the secret

Confederit campaign plan!

“ Their blood was ez red ez Custer’s!

An’ they’re dead sure in the right—

Shot down *after* surrender,

Not in a stand-up fight,

By them ez had no right t’ do it,

Hadn’t no shadder uv excuse

To ask their arms, or receive ‘em!

Why! it’s wus’n them bloody Sioux.

" Is *this* their Suthern chiv'lry ?
 Is this their kind uv reform ?
 Its ruther their criminal deviltry,
 Too fur gone to reform !
 It's the same old slave-drivin' devil
 We thought we had cast out and killed,
 When they gave the white flag to Custer,
 'n' we thought enuff blood was spilled.

" When he took that flag at Farmville,
 An' they piled their rusty guns,
 We called it Suthern manhood,
 Proud uv our nation's sons !
 But ef *this* is Suthern manhood,
 Their boasted chiv'lry, too,
 Ef this is valor and honor—
Wal,—then the war ain't thru ! "

The Corporal turned to his mowing
 In the sweltering July sun,—
 A broad clean swath he was mowing,
 In the meadow along the run ;
 And at every swing of his long keen blade
 His lips were more firmly set,
 With a muttered curse on the Hamburg raid,—
 " They're all blanked rebils yet ! "

And when there is call for soldiers,
 In the coming November storm,
 He will be sure to rally
 The true blue line to re-form,—
 And his old wooden leg go stumping,
 I reckon, the very first one
 To vote on this Hamburg matter,
 As he voted before with his gun.

July 17, 1876.

THE MIDNIGHT BUGLE.

I heard the blast of a bugle,
That sounded through the land,
From Washington to Oregon,
From Maine to the Rio Grande;
And the lips that blew the summons
Were bloodless, thin, and white,
And the spectre vanished in darkness
Of the weird and lone midnight.

To the Nation's living sleepers
The sound was all unheard,
But the earth over every soldier dead
At this strange summons stirred:
And forth from those thousand nameless mounds
By the broad Potomac's side;
And forth from those wide and ghastly pits
By the Rappahannock's tide;

And from under marble monuments
From over all the North,
The hosts of slain, to life again,
From bivouac came forth;
And they marched in the midnight silence,
Nor uttered one a word;
And the horses slain with their riders
Were seen, but were not heard.

Their tattered battle banners
From the Nation's halls they took,
And forth in silence beneath the stars
Their blackened folds they shook.
Hatless and shoeless, with pale white feet,
Over the grasses of June,
They marched with measured cadence
To the soul of martial tune.

Unused and rusty armor
 In haste they buckled on,
 Sheathed sword, and shouldered musket,
 And straight away were gone.
 The guns of blackened batteries
 And caissons in line were wheeled,
 When murdered gunners mounted them,
 And rode as for the field.

And up from the Hampton waters
 The sunken Cumberland came,
 And there trod the deck in silence,
 Who sunk with her, the same;
 Straight for Mount Vernon, silently,
 Swiftly away she sailed,
 Under the guns of grim Monroe,
 Nor answered she, nor hailed.

“Summon them from their slumber,
 The hosts by Treason slain;
 Summon and bring them! EVERY MAN
 Is needed for Duty again!”
 From the tomb upon Mount Vernon,
 From a voice we need not name,
 The order went forth to the Nation’s dead,
 And thither in ranks they came;

Where the first and the last dead commanders
 Were riding side by side,
 And there passed before them, as in review,
 Our heroes true and tried.
 There was whispered to each “The Union!”
 From the Nation’s sacred grave;
 While “Law forever, and Liberty!”
 For countersign they gave.

"For the front!"—and away toward Washington
 Battalions wheel again,
 And they march, inspired as the soul of one—
 One fourth of a million men.
 "Go! put the sword to Treason,
 A sword that is swift to slay:
 Sweep the Capitol clean of corruption
 Before the light of day:

"Post guards at the doors of the White House,
 And guards at the Senate Hall,
 And guards in the other chamber,
 And be they true men, all!
 To every hamlet in the land
 A silent sentinel send,
 On every hill, in every vale,
 To walk, till time shall end!"

And evermore, at midnight hour,
 Defiles this sad "relief:"
 And then the relieved return to salute
 The first, and the Martyr Chief.
 Lo! mothers and fathers by those posts
 Shall wait for fallen sons,
 And children watch in silent awe
 For the gleam of their spectre guns.

June, 1868.



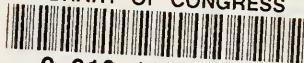


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